

No, No, It's My Treat by Yowowwhatstrangethings

Series: [So Many Ways To Say I Love You \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-02-18

Updated: 2018-02-18

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:08:21

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 789

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

El studied the boy in front of her, the way his hair looked windswept yet tangled at the same time. How his dark eyes held hers, and how the freckles that dotted his face made him look like the sun decided to try its hand at splatter painting.

No, No, It's My Treat

-- • ... • ..

“No, no, it's my treat.”

-- • ... • ..

El could not believe him.

This stupid boy had bothered her for the entirety of her Introduction to Psychology class, asking her over and over to go on a date with him. She had finally relented and agreed to the date, thinking that maybe if she said yes he would leave her alone.

So here she was. Sitting alone in a restaurant. With no date. Thirty minutes after they were supposed to meet.

Screw Troy Harrington and his cocky attitude.

This, to El, was mortifying. She could tell that the other customers were starting to put two and two together and figured out that she had been stood up. They were starting to give her looks of pity, the one's you reserve for small children that fell off their bike.

“Are you ready to order yet, ma'am?”

The waiter seemed to have come out of nowhere, and she was ripped away from her self-deprecating thoughts momentarily, until she saw that same damn look that everyone in the restaurant seemed to be giving her plastered across his face, too.

God, she hated pity.

She gave him a dazzling smile, “No, actually. My date just texted me“-that was a pile of bullshit- “he's running late but he will be here soon.”

The look of pity was still there, but less obvious, hidden in the slight scrunch of his eyebrows and the thinness of his lips, but he nodded and went to attend to another table.

I'll give him ten more minutes. She thought, If he doesn't show his face in ten minutes, I'm out of here.

So she sat. And just as she was beginning to feel the sharp sting of tears at the corners of her eyes, and she felt her face heating up as she realized that she would have to walk out of here knowing everyone was judging her, someone swept in out of nowhere.

She almost screamed in shock when a gangly boy suddenly swooped in to kiss her on the cheek.

"Hey." He seemed out of breath as he settled down in the seat across from her, "Sorry I'm late. Traffic was a bitch getting here."

"Huh?" She said, still drowning in confusion at this sudden plot twist life seemed insistent on throwing her way. She had been expecting that asshole Troy to be waltzing in an hour late, but instead here was this complete stranger. Sure, he was pretty cute, but she had no idea who he was and yet he was acting like they hadn't just met.

He leaned forward and whispered, "My name's Mike. I saw you sitting in here. Whoever stood you up is a dick, and I could tell that you were uncomfortable with how people were looking at you. Just go with it, okay?"

She felt warmth and gratefulness spill into her veins, and she felt it roll through her entire body. All the way down to her toes.

She looked right into his eyes, "Thank you. I'm El."

The grin that lit up his face may have been one of the best things she had ever seen in her entire life.

When the waiter returned, El found that the look of pity was completely gone, replaced by cool indifference.

El found herself thoroughly enjoying Mike's company. He was one of the goofiest people she had ever met, and yet she found herself grinning and laughing right along with him at every turn.

It was the best date she had ever been on, despite the fact that it wasn't even a date in the first place.

When the check came, and she could feel her stomach hurting from laughter, and Mike was leaning across the table, she reached for her bag to grab her money.

Mike moved quickly to stop her hand before it could get there, “No, no, it’s my treat.”

She rolled her eyes and scoffed, “Please, you don’t have to do that. You’ve already saved me tonight. It’s the least I could do.”

Mike was already shaking his head before she had even finished speaking, “El, if my mom heard that the girl payed on the first date, I wouldn’t live to see Thanksgiving.”

“This was a date?” El asked, her brows rising in surprise.

He froze, face scrunching up in confusion as his eyes darted from the table top to her, “Wasn’t it?”

El studied the boy in front of her, the way his hair looked windswept yet tangled at the same time. How his dark eyes held hers, and how the freckles that dotted his face made him look like the sun decided to try its hand at splatter painting.

She found herself grinning hugely as she replied.

“Yes.”

-- •• ••• • ••• • ••